



## *The Ghost of Charles the Great King and Martyr.*

**T**He Sun was set, and *Proserpine* had hurl'd  
*Lethean Poppy* o're the silent World :  
 But night (whose calmness rocks the Earth asleep  
 Nurst up my cares, and did them waking keep,  
 When with a deep-fetcht grone I thought upon  
 The Churches fate, and *Kings* destruction,  
 The *Moon* straight through my window shining clear,  
 The Ghost of *CHARLES* did to my sight appear,  
 Not with that look and Majestic Divine  
 H E once on Earth, and now in Heaven doth shine ;  
 But with an Aspect horrid then theirs  
 Who were his bloody Executioners :  
 So lookt (that Fiend of Hell) damn'd *Nell*, and all  
 Those Rebels that were guilty of his fall,  
 Whom Heaven now justly plagues. His face was thin,  
 His visage gait and pale, his eyes sanck in,  
 His wounded neck made his weak head hang down,  
 Unable to support the tottering Crown ;  
 His un-comb'd hair, like one's affrighted flood,  
 His beard was covered o're with clotted blood,  
 He spoke to me in such a hollow sound,  
 One would have thought the voice was under ground:  
 Pity (he said) my sorrowes, here you see  
 What fruit, patience and vertue brought to me.  
 My *Senate*, thus, made me a glorious Prince,  
 This was their promi'd Honour's Recompence:  
 That blessed rest three Crowns could never get  
 (Thicker with Thornes, then pearls or diamonds set)  
 The dry Ax yeelded me ; So from the slain  
 Carcase of *Samsons* Lyon hony came ;



*Sis fert spina rosas, sic fit Medecina veneno.*

*Atque utinam Mors hæc, nec nostris hostibus esset  
Fausa minus quam læta Mibi; Vox sanguinis huius  
Æternum per me sileat; nec Principe cæso  
Cædibus alternis Regi tria Regna parentent.*

*Ab! nil vota juvant! fumat tellure receptus  
Nunquam arens frīgensque cruor; jussusque silere  
Ejulat infandum, & gemitu Cælum omne cievit.*

*Tum Demon tumidos genio-vertiginis utres  
Fudit in insānum pelagus, fluitansque popelli,  
Unde ciet spumas sese frangentibus undis,  
Et quas vorticibus ex imo abrasit arenas,  
Ad summum attollit, tum rursus in ima resorbet;  
Littora mox superans, dissecit undique legum  
Molibus, horrida nullo cohibente per agros  
Diluvium volvit, medum facit omnia Pontum!*

*Oppida, Ville, Arces, Regum monumenta vetusta  
Intereunt subito, longis vix condita seclis.*

*Ecce jacet nostro fundens de vulnere vitam  
Regnum antiquum ingens in principe detruncatum,  
Et miseranda comes, confossa Ecclesia, Regi  
Incubat, atque suum Domini cum sanguine miscet.*

*Euge! animos ipsa de cæde Britannia carpit;  
Non toti occidimus, diraque Tyrannide pressa  
Fortius erigitur extingui nescia virtus.*

*Vt quondam impositi saxi arctata Vesuvi.  
Multa fremens alitur secreto fomite flamma  
Inde cavum late montem comprehendit, & omnis  
Obicis impatiens, solidi penetralia saxi  
Rumpit, & effraëtis sursum ruit alta caminis  
Æquora sulphurea fervent Tyrrhena procella.  
Arvaque candentes torrent campana favilla.  
Terrifico cum motu, atque horrissono mugitu  
Littora tota tremunt; trepido fugit agmine vulgus.  
Ardentes pagos, & tecta ruentia vitans,  
Palantum insequitur piceus vestigia torrens.  
Non alios rapide, Mea Gens erumpit in æstus,  
Irritata malis, & iniquo pondere sudans*

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So Bryers roses, deadly poyson to  
Produce good Medicines. From my death did flow  
Peace to my Soul; I wish my enemies  
May alike happie be, and my Blood's cryes  
For ever silent; though I'm slain, Heavens blefs  
My Kingdoms! May they ne'r be Fatherless.

But! wishes fail! my blood from Earth doth rise  
In reeking vapours, and ascends the skies,  
Filling the whole Heav'n with its hollow cryes,  
Straight (as a raging sea) the Devil reignes  
I'th' giddie-headed-peoples pregnant braines,  
Who with dissention some, like breaking waves  
That force the sands out of their waterie graves  
O're the high rocks, then rowl them back again  
Into the deep; at length th' unruly mains  
Throws down those banks that gave it lawes, and runs  
O're the wide fields, till all one Sea becomes,  
Till towns and forts are level'd with the ground  
And Princely Courts long built, the flood hath drown'd.  
See how this ancient Kingdom breathless lyes,  
As if my soul with theirs did sympathize;  
The Church too (sharing in my sufferings)  
Lyes by me, and her blood's mixed with her Kings!  
But stay! *Brittain* take courage, from my rest!  
All are not slain with me; vertue thrives best  
When 'tis by cruell Tyrants most oppress.

As *Ætna* in her stony breast doth cherish  
A secret fire, which veines of Sulphur nourish  
Till all inflam'd and weary of delay,  
It forces through th' imprisoning *Rock* a way,  
Shewing it's fierie face above the *Ayre*  
The *Tyrrhene* seas with Brimstone boyl, the fair  
Fields, are with burning coales scorch'd up, the shore  
Trembles to hear the shaking mountaines roare;  
In herds (like beasts) the fearfull neighbouring Clownes  
Flee from their burning cottages and Townes;  
A pitchy torrent following their swift feet;  
My People so enraged by deceit  
And heavie burdens under which they sweat,

On



*Displodetque graves diris ultricibus ira.*

*Tum mea Progenies ubi nullum invenerit hostem*

*Obsequii memorem, sua quam Clementia servet !*

*Viribus insurgens divis, & jure paterno*

*Herculeos ardens animos, animisque lacertos*

*Consimiles tollet, & formidata rubente*

*Fulmina torquebit dextra, quæ bruta Gygantum*

*Agmina, versa suis mixtim cum montibus, alto*

*Culmine de solii canum in natale revolvit ;*

*Titanesque novi, scalarum mole suarum*

*Obtriti, propriis sic fraudibus urgebantur*

*Vt gravis Enceladi premit ignea pectora tellus*

*Tinacriæ, centumque gemens incudibus Ætna.*

*O, ne fracta malis regalia corda fatiscant*

*Per mille arctarum perplexa volumina rerum,*

*Per trepidos belli casus, modo Gloria surget*

*Multa Deo, sobolique meæ ; Requiemque Britannis,*

*Grande decus Regni, sua per contraria condit.*

*Mirandis vicibus, magno molimine numen*

*Sic vitam ex Lethe, lucemque accendit in umbris*

*Consilii æterni non vestigabile textum.*

*Dixit, & extemplo majorem assumpserat ingens.*

*Humanam speciem, sacer augustusque videri ;*

*Ore procul macies, & torvo lumine squallor ;*

*Sed roseo fulgore nitens, oculisque serenis*

*Dulce jubar vibrans, mox Phæbo clarior ipso*

*Indutusque Homini non aspectabile lumen*

*Mortales fugit ille oculos Cælumque revisit.*

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FINIS.

On their oppressors spend their furious heats;  
 Then shall my Son (finding his foes despise  
 Their duties, and his Clemency) arise  
 With God-like strength; and to regain his right,  
*Herculean* Spirits (all on fire to fight)  
 Will aid their injur'd Prince; whose bloody hand  
 Armed with lightening, shall disperſe each band  
 Of brutish Gyants, and their mountains throw  
 (Together with their Carcaſes) below  
 Under their own ambitious dung-hill, thus  
 Fell *Titan's* ſon's and bold *Enceladus*  
 In the *Tinacrea*n Earth their bones are thrown  
 Whoſe hundred Anvils made all *Ætna* groan:  
 O may my Childrens Princely hearts nee'r fail  
 Amidſt a thouſand chances that aſſail  
 The fate of Warres! So unto God thereby  
 Glory may riſe, next to my progeny.  
 And Kingdom, Peace, ſince ſtrange effects *Heavens* King  
 Doth from contrary cauſes oft-times bring;  
 From Death came Life; light out of darkneſs ſhin'd,  
 Mans ſkill cannot his wayes and counſell find.  
 This having ſaid, ſtraight a Maſticky face  
 And divine form, his humane ſhape did grace;  
 Paleneſs and horroure from his grim look flies,  
 His cheeks *Roses* adorn'd; his ſerene eyes  
 Darted out pleaſing rayes. Then, like the bright  
 Sun, having put on a glorious light,  
 Hee fled to *Heaven*, and vaniſht out of ſight.

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THE END.